

★ JUDY! ★

Vol.1, No. 2

It's not a fanzine; it's a highly parodic cultural practice.



Don't call
a comeback!



**FORGET
JUDY?**



(with 3 bucks cash /SASE/ trade or the usual as the trekkies say), little presents, donations to my tuition fund, or subpoenas to:

Miss Spentyouth
c/o Judy who? magazine
P.O. Box 1421
Iowa City, IA 52244-1421

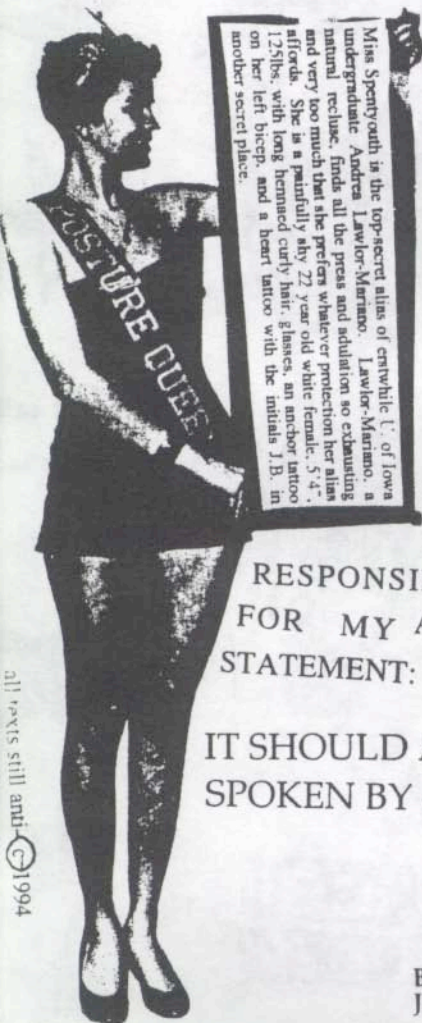


el free to copy this whole thing if you want, put on the Information Superhighway, or do with it whatever it is that you people do. I will have an email address in January 1995, so if you want to find me your address through the snail-mail, I might write you little electronic letters, once I figure out how it works.

THANKS TO ALL MY FRIENDS (AND OTHER PEOPLE I MET IN DANGEROUS UNDERGROUND THEORY BARS) WHO WERE WILLING TO SHARE THEIR GOSSIP & THE HEADY EXPLOITS OF FAMOUS ACADEMICS THEY SORT OF KNEW AT THEIR OLD COLLEGES.

THANKS, THANKS, & THANKS TO CATHY FOR LETTING ME CRASH AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

THANKS, SORT OF, TO EVERYONE WHO SENT ME ACADEMIC PAPERS ABOUT JUDITH BUTLER IN GERMAN.



RESPONSIBILITY
FOR MY ACTIONS
STATEMENT:

IT SHOULD ALL BE CONSIDERED AS IF
SPOKEN BY A CHARACTER IN A NOVEL.



Back issues very available! Send \$2 cash for Judy #1.

Winner: Best Mispronunciation of a Modernist



DJUNA FUNK?

He Miss Spent Youth,

missing your letter, so I don't know your next
one, but anyway, the Springfield wants great too
the magazine is great, - hope I will get the next number
have back, because we are sell out, I just have
(exactly 4) numbers left. But I like the idea
of "Mid" is everywhere especially WPA
if we do now the next issue and I have a
with you. I like it for you most heartily.
I hope you know someone who speaks German
I like to help you with the magazine,
so you see I gave you a letter in optimism,
did this in Iowa. By the way, she was
nice on the plane. I like her performance
and the way she chose the words and
things.
I thought that you can do, if you want
something for "Mid". We got a lot of money
for doing an issue in color, like a real
magazine. The last one, that you have now, was
expensive too and we can't do it this way
for the next. But the one in summer
we could do something in color! Maybe you like
the idea, I hope to keep in contact
and Go Girl!

See ya Claudia

Dear Miss Spent Youth,

or should I say Miss Pent Up You, and invoke the
queen bee here at Iowa, **Garrett Stewart**, though I
hear it might be(e) better to think of him as the
honey of the hive, since there's always a trail of
workers and queens behind him at every MLA. I
guess I just wanted to thank you for the fun
you've forced us to have here in the hive where
we seem to do nothing but sting each other, oops,
by mistake.

Miss Directed

GLETH, WHO I STEAL
ALL MY IDEAS FROM,
SENT ME THIS POSTCARD. ↙

Hey Miss Spent Youth,

Looks like there's going to be a little theory - in - the - woods getaway
up in New Hampshire this summer - too bad I'm not ABD. Do you know
anything about this little retreat? If I get a job waiting tables in a chic spot in
Hanover, will I be meeting stars, or getting underpinned by a pathetic bunch of
theory has - bees? For example, what's the fox factor on Elaine Showalter? I
hope for that girlfriend's own sake that she's a lot sadder than her criticism.
Get this: Someone tried to tell me that Susie Bright came three times while
reading A Literature of Their Own. Yeah, right, and I came five times reading
A Glossary of Literary Terms.

- Tanny TA

2/7/94

PORTRAIT OF JUDY



AS A YOUNG LOLITA



ewers joy | Blume

Putno

Fanzines I almost made

by Miss Spentyouth



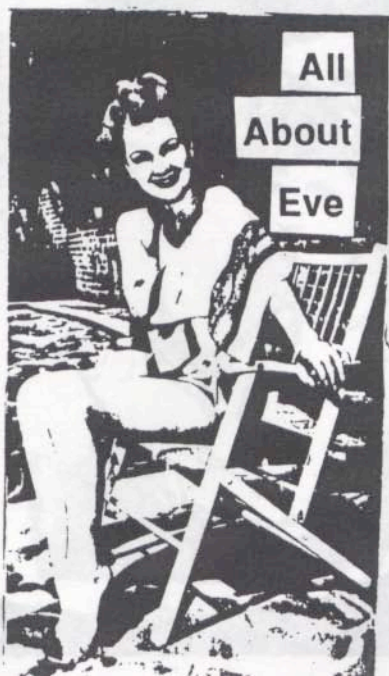
BUT MISS FUSS IS NOT
THE BOSS FOR ME...

IF YOU THINK
THIS IDEA IS
CLEVER THEN
YOU NEVER READ

BLAKEY VERMEIULLE'S

IS THERE A
SEDGWICK SCHOOL FOR
GIRLS?

YOU SHOULD THOUGH.



Hey! I'm sensitive,
I read poetry.

SEDGWICK/SUPERSTAR



I ALWAYS SAY THE ONLY
THING WORSE THAN AN
ARTIST IS A FICTION

WRITER.

BUT I THINK I COULD
GET IT UP FOR
J.W.

Jane Says #1



IF JUDY SUES ME THEN

MAYBE I WILL CALL

#3 SUPERSTAR.

I Dream of Jeannie.



Sorry,

There's a message on my answering machine from Judith Butler so naturally I'm immediately on the horn--asking all of my friends what I should do. The consensus is call her back, but I'm too nervous. I decide to sleep on it.



Wrong Number

The phone rings, awakening me from a dream in which Judith Butler has offered to set me up in a well-appointed, luxurious flat near Baltimore, perhaps in Dupont Circle.

This sumptuously decorated apartment serves by day as our trysting place, by night as a salon in which young intellectuals and artists meet older wealthy, famous, successful, and attractive dykes like Judy, Sandra Bernhard, and so on...

HOT ON ACTION!



So the phone rings
and I wait for it to ring twice
before I pick it up, wishing that
I was technologically advanced
enough to record this
auspicious event for posterity,
wishing I could get out of this.

"Hi," I say, striving for
husky expectancy.

"Hello, Andrea?" comes the
deep familiar voice. "This is
Judith Butler- but you prefer to
call me Judy, don't you?"

"Oh, um, hi Dr. Butler,"
mumble, wishing I could must-
up the courage to call her Sir.

"I wanted to call you a
commend you on your
magazine," she continues
immune to my huskiness, "and
also to implore you to please
stop publishing."

"Goodness," I say, "I've
expected more of a verbal
spanking. I almost didn't call
you back; I sort of feel like
Phallus should not
be unveiled."

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UNIFORMS
SWEAT - W S
JOCK STRAPS
BONDAGE / S&M

MEN·MEN & MORE MEN

Must be over 18 yrs old

"Yes, of course," she says.

"Of course, the flipside of that is that I was sort of hoping you'd offer to set me up in some well-appointed apartment..."

She laughs. "Do you mean you thought I was going to bribe you?"

"No," I say "more like you liked the magazine so much that you wanted, um..."

She laughs again.

"Actually, I think parts of it are very funny. The more I think about it the more I like it. The matchbook was a scream. The phallus joke was just about the funniest thing I've ever heard. I am even able to laugh at the Gap comment."

"I'm glad you liked it."

"Well, yes, but I do have a great deal of anxiety about the photographs. That's just not where my narcissism is. It's in my writing..." she laughs.

I nod, forgetting she can't see me.

"The call for pictures worries me."

"Well, actually it's incredibly hard to find photographs of you. You're not exactly the most photographed woman in America," I say.

"I hope that's true; I would become very upset by it, and it would be very hard for me," she says seriously. "You know, I'm not a national author, I'm an academic, and this could be considered an invasion of privacy. Really this is unprotected speech."

"Well," I say, "I'm not sure that's a distinction that would hold up under *NYT vs. Sullivan*; I mean, my intent was hardly malicious. In fact, part of what I'm trying to do here is a critique of, um, a 'queer'

obsession with and consumption of, um, celebrity."

"Oh, of course," she backpedals, "obviously I applaud and support highly parodic cultural practices...I just think it could get nasty. I have personal vulnerabilities which this kind of publicity could.... I'm imploring you...to at least keep it small."

"See, I can't really say where I'm going with this right now. I mean who knows where my publishing empire is going to lead me." I don't really believe I'm having this conversation so I decide to sit back and see what comes out of my mouth. I recline, enjoying the sound of her voice, hoping I can get her to continue speaking until I come. I don't remember anything else either of us said that night, but I will confess that it was only after we said goodbye that I shot my hot load of girl-juice into the sheets.

If Butler herself is secretly pleased by the adulation, she won't admit it. "I wish it hadn't happened," she said from her new California home during a telephone interview. "It draws attention away from my work and puts it on my person, and I would much rather have people pay attention to my work. I think it's unfortunate that this sort of culture emerges, because people just stop thinking carefully about things and take academia to be a kind of star culture or something." Asked why she thought she of all theorists had been chosen for diva-

hood, Butler had an answer ready. "Because I'm not very personally revealing," she explained. "I believe that there are intellectually substantive issues that can be discussed without stating my most intimate or personal relationship to them." "She's so mega," Spent-youth gushed in answer to the same question. "I mean, that's it—it's a celebrity thing, don't you think?" Spentyouth yawned. "I don't know. It's too early in the morning to talk about theory, but it's never too early to talk about theory stars."

—Larissa MacFarquhar

JUDY
READS
JUDY!



Letters to the Editor



CUNNING LINGUA

DECAMPING

I found your article, "Putting the Camp Back into Campus," written by Larissa MacFarquhar [September/October], to be an appalling and tasteless piece of journalism. Why would the writer of that piece, and *Lingua Franca*, agree to protect the anonymity of Andrea Lawlor-Mariano, the undergraduate at the University of Iowa who edited the *JUDY!* fanzine, if not to sanction and protect the circulation of the fanzine and its fully conjectured and debased speculations? By citing uncritically from the fanzine and protecting Andrea Lawlor-Mariano from publicity, *Lingua Franca* has effectively entered the homophobic reverie of the fanzine itself. If there is still some question over whether "Butler is secretly pleased by the adulation," let me clarify that I find this "adulation" to be slanderous and demeaning. If the fanzine signals the eclipse of serious intellectual engagement with theoretical works by a thoroughly hallucinated speculation on the theorist's sexual practice, *Lingua Franca* reengages that anti-intellectual aggression whereby scholars are reduced to occasions for salacious conjecture (pace Jim Miller on Foucault) rather than as writers of texts to be read and seriously debated. Whether this kind of trash emerges from within or outside gay communities, it remains an insult. I am poignantly reminded why it was I never subscribed to *Lingua Franca*, for it proves to have no more value than *Heterodoxy* or the *National Enquirer*.

Judith Butler, Professor of Rhetoric,
University of California, Berkeley

Larissa MacFarquhar replies:

I was sorry to read that you disliked my article, "Putting the Camp Back into Campus," and because I think your objections to it may be in part the product of a misunderstanding, I would like to speak to them.

I decided not to reveal Ms. Lawlor-Mariano's name not in order to pro-

tect her (as Ms. Lawlor-Mariano self indicates in the article, she the idea of publicity) but for aesthetic reasons: I felt that by referring to Lawlor-Mariano throughout as "Spentyouth" I preserved in the fanzine the camp sensibility which I like the fanzine.

I think that campy tone also serves to make clear that the fanzine "speculations" are not intended taken seriously, and that the fanzine reveals only the sexual predilection of its author, not those of its jects.

I do not believe that one university graduate's satirical take on academic celebrity "signals the eclipse of serious intellectual engagement with theoretical works," and I am glad that yourself seem to doubt that it ("If").

I am not sure why you consider the fanzine, and, by association, the *cl*, to be homophobic, so I can speak to your objections on score.

Once again, I am sorry for any trespass my article has caused you, regret that you do not see the fun as I do: as a funny, though most certainly tasteless, expression of my admiration.

IS IT TRUE THAT
JUDY B. HAS
PRESSURED
ROULETTE
INTO NEVER
ADVERTISING
L.F. AGAIN
DRAGON-LAI



Dinner with Gayatri

by our secret correspond-

ent

in

NY.



Even as a youth Spivak was foxy.

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak was a non-teaching fellow at my school for a year. Two friends and I interviewed her for the college weekly I worked on, a hyper-intellectual, over-ironic rag that leapt at the chance to print an interview with the giantess of philosophy and criticism. Or rather, I leapt at the chance to meet her. She seemed used to being worshipped like a rock star by younger people. (ed. note: yeah, but Judy was in *Rolling Stone*.) I had seen small cadres of Columbia grad students follow her from lecture to lecture. I had spotted her walking down the street with them, purple streaked through her short hair. We had a spirited discussion of the politics of the academy, the backlash to jargon-throwing theory stars like herself. At one point she blasted me for my misuse of Lyotard's term "libidinal economy."

Afterwards, while I was still smarting from her dressing-down, she confessed to me that she was lonely, being a single woman alone on a new campus. The school was excruciatingly boring, she said, and people weren't friendly to her, especially in the square history department where she was a total anomaly with her modish post-colonialism and her glamorous Derridian past. We should have dinner, she said.

I met her the next Saturday at her office in the basement of the history building, and we went to Theresa's, the yuppie health-pizza eatery. In the doorway, we ran into a relatively insipid male neighbor of hers. She flirted ostentatiously with him, straightening his coat, standing close to him. She returned to me and confided that she had begun an affair with him.

"He's not too bright," she said. "I think I like the lame-duck type."

"Oh yeah?" I said, aghast.

"Oh yes." She stopped, looking me in the eye. "I'm very, very straight, you know."

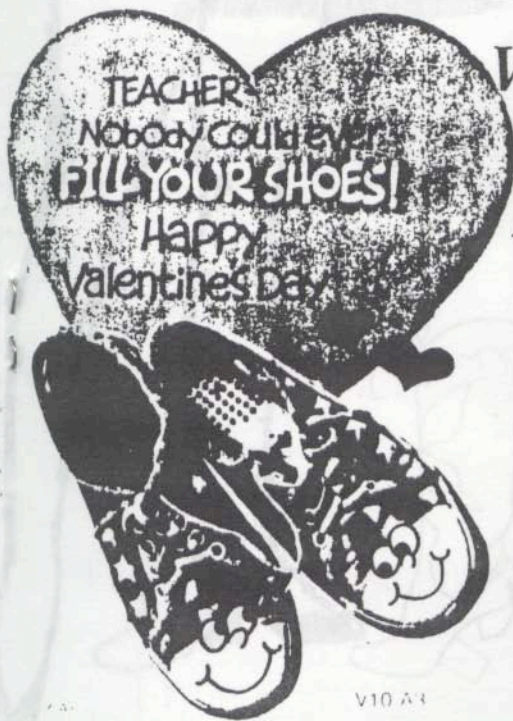
Whoops. I hadn't consciously conceived of this as a date or anything, but I'd somehow forgotten to invite the two guys who had done the interview with me. Maybe it was something about the rumors I'd heard about her, the way she wore a formal sari at a conference then prowled around the academic parties in black leather outfits, going down the line asking "Who will be my boyfriend? I need a boyfriend." Maybe it was her six-foot height or her flat-top.

We went back to the student center with our pizza, and she quizzed me about my professors. I told her I studied with Eric S. "Eric S.!" she said, leaning in conspiratorially towards me. "So masculine, don't you think? With that tight little butt!" Mortified, I went on. "Stanley C.?" She told me about her crazy times with him and Jacques, back in the old days. "I used to drink like a little dog!" Thus the evening progressed.

Later, I thought she would probably prefer the company of my two guy friends. When I heard they did have dinner, I figured the guys must have had a more satisfactory usage of "libidinal economy," but you can't blame a girl for trying.



Gayatri Spivak (top left) at age 8.



Win A Dream Date with Your Fave Theory Superstar*

Send in your romantic proposal (include your dream-date's name and your game plan) and the editorial staff of *Judy!* magazine will pick the hottest fantasy to make real, kind of like on *The Dating Game* or *Studs*.

*

Sorry to all you necrophiliacs out there but this offer is limited to live academic s.

JUDY!

PAPER DOLLS

Give Judy the Phallus!



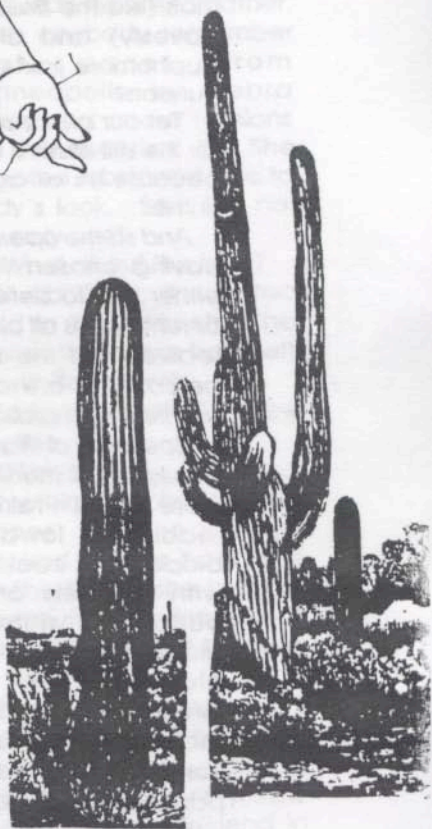
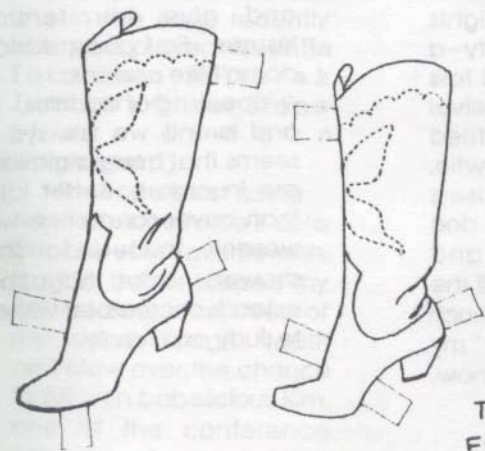
Give Judy something to read!



ALWAYS
PLAY
SAFE,
KIDS!



κ.δ. lang Judy



THIS DELECTABLE ENSEMBLE IS
FROM TOM TIERNEY'S JUDY DOLLS

I'm not mad at you--I'm mad at the dirt.

We here at *Judy*? magazine were actually so overwhelmed by our own meteoric rise to cult superstardom and fetish object that we were unable to finish this second issue, what with all the nightmares of witchhunt trials (like the *Boiled Angel* travesty) and chants of "sophomore jinx" ringing in our ears.

Yet our love burns true for **the still elusive Dr. Butler**, because it's all about her, isn't it.

And so the opera queen, having chosen the diva, either tries to befriend her, or renounces all claim, and realizes that the states to be savored are absence, sacrifice and search.

Speaking of **Wayne**, you should have seen what he wore to his Prairie Lights reading in Iowa City--a black velvet coat and tails with epaulets and silver buttons, a white ruffled blouse, a yellow bowtie, black leather trousers rumored to cost \$500, doc maarten boots, and **Romeo Gigli** frames. "If the pants cost \$500, how much is the whole package?" my friend Mel wanted to know.

The other pertinent question was "Are Wayne and **Kevin** trying to look like each other?"

This would not be unheard of, as a few years back it was common knowledge that **Eve Sedgwick** and **Michael Moon** were trying to look like one another, and that **Jeff Nunakowa** was trying to look like **Tom Cruise** (who moonlights as a relatively unknown queer theorist--No, we're lying! Stop the inanity!).

But you want to hear

about Judy's exploits, dammit. OK, we'll throw you a bone--but then you have to simmer down. We have from a very reliable source at Berkeley that not only is Judy now dating Wendy Brown but that she called her ex-Wendy, Wendy Owen, and asked her to call the new Wendy and give her femme lessons. So I guess daddy doesn't like upstarts...

Speaking of daddies, and aren't we always, it seems that congratulations are in order! Better late than never (and since we weren't invited to the shower), Judy! magazine extends sincere best wishes to Judy and family.



Wayne Koestenbaum & Kevin Kopelson:
Separated at birth?

Now are your prurient little appetites momentarily sated? Onward, to new **queer frontiers!** We love the name of the 1995 UCLA grad student conference. Finally, an end to the punning. No more "I can see queerly now" or "Through a glass queerly".

Which brings us to **Terry Eagleton** and what ever it was that possessed him to throw **Toril Moi** through a window. (Wouldn't you like to know more about that story? We would too.) The very **Hollywood marxist** was also in the news recently when he played **Quentin Tarantino** to **Derek Jarman's Oliver Stone** (*Natural Born Wittgenstein?*).

Minneapolis last spring was the place to be if cute girls are your favorite dish. U. of M. babes topped my wish-list & at least three of my friends fought tooth and claw over the chance to flirt with babelicious Kim, one of the conference planners. As usual I was

had Judy reports to gather. Does anybody remember that paper from Minneapolis by Debra something about fashions of the theorists? She devoted substantial time to Judy's look. See, I'm not the only one!

What about the MLA? We didn't go; it was too cold in **Toronto, eh**. The reports that came back left us with few regrets: ...**Ed Cohen** sported his new goatee.

...**Diana Fuss** (wearing something purple) read her paper to a panel so packed people had to sit on the floor & she blushed as she read a line about acolytes sitting at the feet of their teacher.

...**Kathryn Stockton** didn't make her panel because of ear problems, sparking rumors about her **punk rock** drummer girlfriend in Salt Lake City.

in the Registration Line

-Karl

2!
my.

we
also)
XOX Juliana

Edward -
I love your
book - can I
quote your
book in my
book?
TB

from the Minneapolis Grad Student QueerCon

...Duke U press handed out promotional buttons for Eve Sedgwick's new book that read, "**Do you have Tendencies?**" or something to that effect. (I'd love one, if anyone has an extra.)

...At Judy's Q&A, when someone tried to ask a question but couldn't remember the cite, Chris Freeman (a cute boy grad student at Vanderbilt) stood up and delivered the quote. Judy responded with "**God I wish you were a girl!**" and Chris replied, "God I wish you were a boy."

I admit it—I am horribly jealous of Chris Freeman.¹ I also understand the desperation. Sometimes I wish I were a guy so that I could try to capitalize on

"**ell hooks'** well known predilection for 22 year olds.

Kathy Acker laughed at me when I asked for confirmation of hooks' fabled bisexuality and said of Gayatri Spivak—"She's about as available as a steel pole, you know."

I'll try to confine my lustful thoughts to more available fantasies, like Kathy herself. With her gold tooth, husky voice, pierced eyebrow, shaved shapes in dyed blonde hair, and great big sexy ears, she just about set Prairie Lights on fire. In a private encounter the day of her reading, Kathy told me things too special and private to repeat. But don't fear, my little pets-- I did bring you something. **See the nude pix of the famously anti-academy academic in this issue!**

Some things *are* sacred.
That's what blind items are
for.

...Which famous theory
star is a hermaphrodite?
...What four academics
proposed (very informally)
a panel called
"HeteroJudy" for the Iowa
Queercon? (The plan was
this: during each paper
(none of which will mention
our Judy by name), the
other three will be holding
masks up to their faces.
The masks will be images of
Judy Garland, Judy Tenuta,
Judy Chicago, and Judy
the Obscure.)

...What (married) diva
deconstructionist
domatrix dyke- hunter
called Gayatri Spivak a
pathetic slut?

...What great americanist
of her generation/queer
theorist won't fuck her
students but takes great
delight in fucking with them

instead? (Hint: It's not Jane
Gallop)

...What power-breakfast
lady scholar threatened a
"star boycott" of the 1994
Iowa QueerCon?

**Send in your guesses &
win a special something!**



*One day little Anna Freud got into some of her
daddy's books. She had trouble understanding all
the terms so she asked her dad to **straighten** her
out.

"Daddy," she asked, "What's **the** difference
between *penis* and *phallus*?"

Freud naturally cared a great **deal** about his
daughter's education so he **dropped** his trousers
saying, "You see, Anna, this is a **penis**."

Little Anna took one look—"Oh, **I get it**," she said,
"Like a phallus, only smaller."

*What do you call it when you exchange two
dimes for four nickels? A paradigm shift.

This is an educational scene between a teacher, _____, NAME OF GIRL IN ROOM

and a student, _____, NAME OF BOY IN ROOM

TEACHER: All right, _____, The _____ NOUN FABRIC

be quiet, take your seat and stop _____, VERB ENDING IN "-ING"

STUDENT: Awww. It wasn't my fault, _____, A CELEBRITY start-

ed it. He(she) took my _____, NOUN

TEACHER: Did you do the _____, ADJECTIVE book report I

assigned?

STUDENT: Naw. I read _____, TITLE OF A BOOK. It was about a

_____ A PROFESSION who is married to a very rich

_____ NOUN. It was _____, ADJECTIVE

TEACHER: You were supposed to write _____, NUMBER pages.

If you don't _____, VERB (PRESENT TENSE) harder I am going

to be forced to give you a/an _____, A LETTER

_____ ADJECTIVE Literature.

STUDENT: Awww Teacher, you're too _____, ADJECTIVE

think you are _____, VERB ENDING IN "-ING" OR etc.

TEACHER: Just for that, you can stay after school and wash

the _____, NOUN

LETTER FROM A FAN TO A ROCK STAR

Dear _____, NAME OF BOY IN GROUP

I think your rock and roll group, the _____, VERB ENDING IN "-ING"

_____ PLURAL NOUN is the greatest. My most favorite songs are

"I'd _____ For Love" and "I'm Cryin' My _____ PLURAL NOUN

Out Over You." I think you are a better singer than Mick Jagger or

even _____, A CELEBRITY. I love it when you come on stage dressed

up like a/an _____, NOUN. And when you

play the electric _____, NOUN, I can't help screaming and

squealing and _____, VERB ENDING IN "-ING"

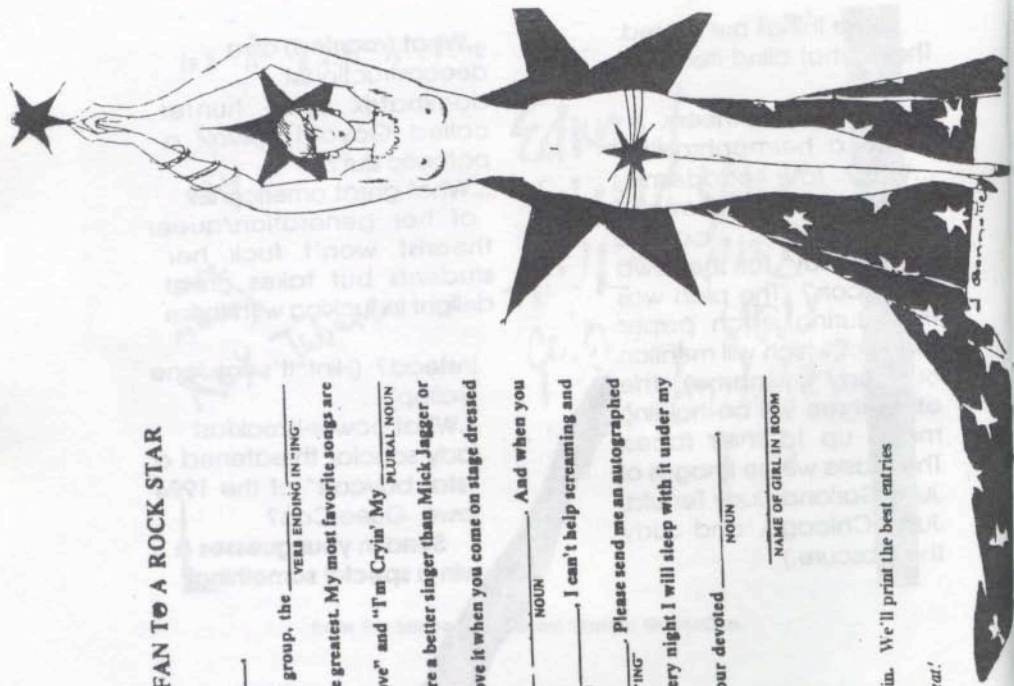
_____ NOUN. Every night I will sleep with it under my

_____ NOUN. Signed your devoted _____, NOUN

_____ NAME OF GIRL IN ROOM

Fill these out & send them in. We'll print the best entries

in the next issue. Don't cheat!



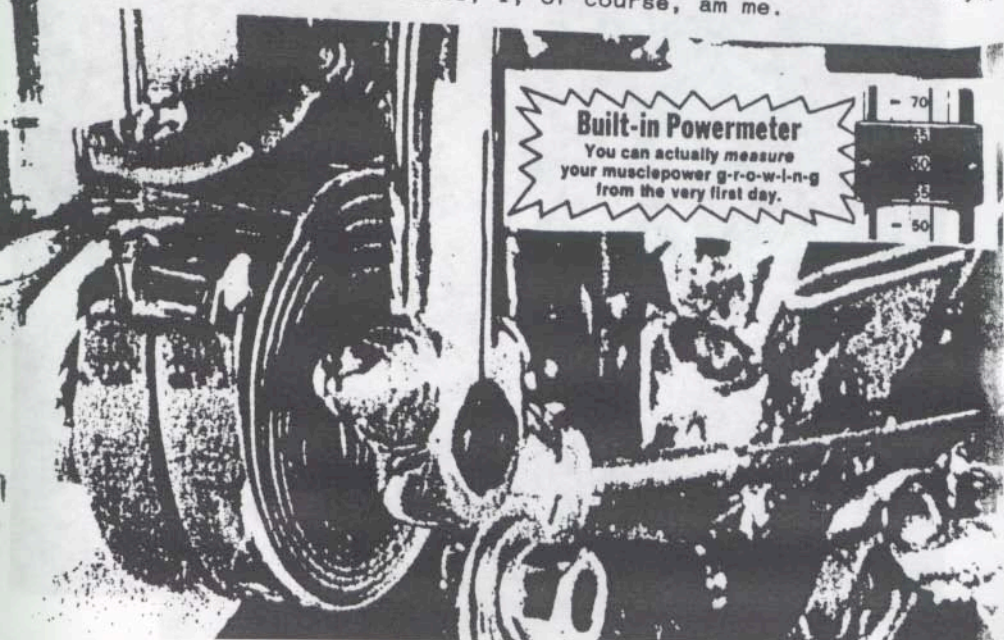
Judy you give me a heart . . . er. . . head ache!

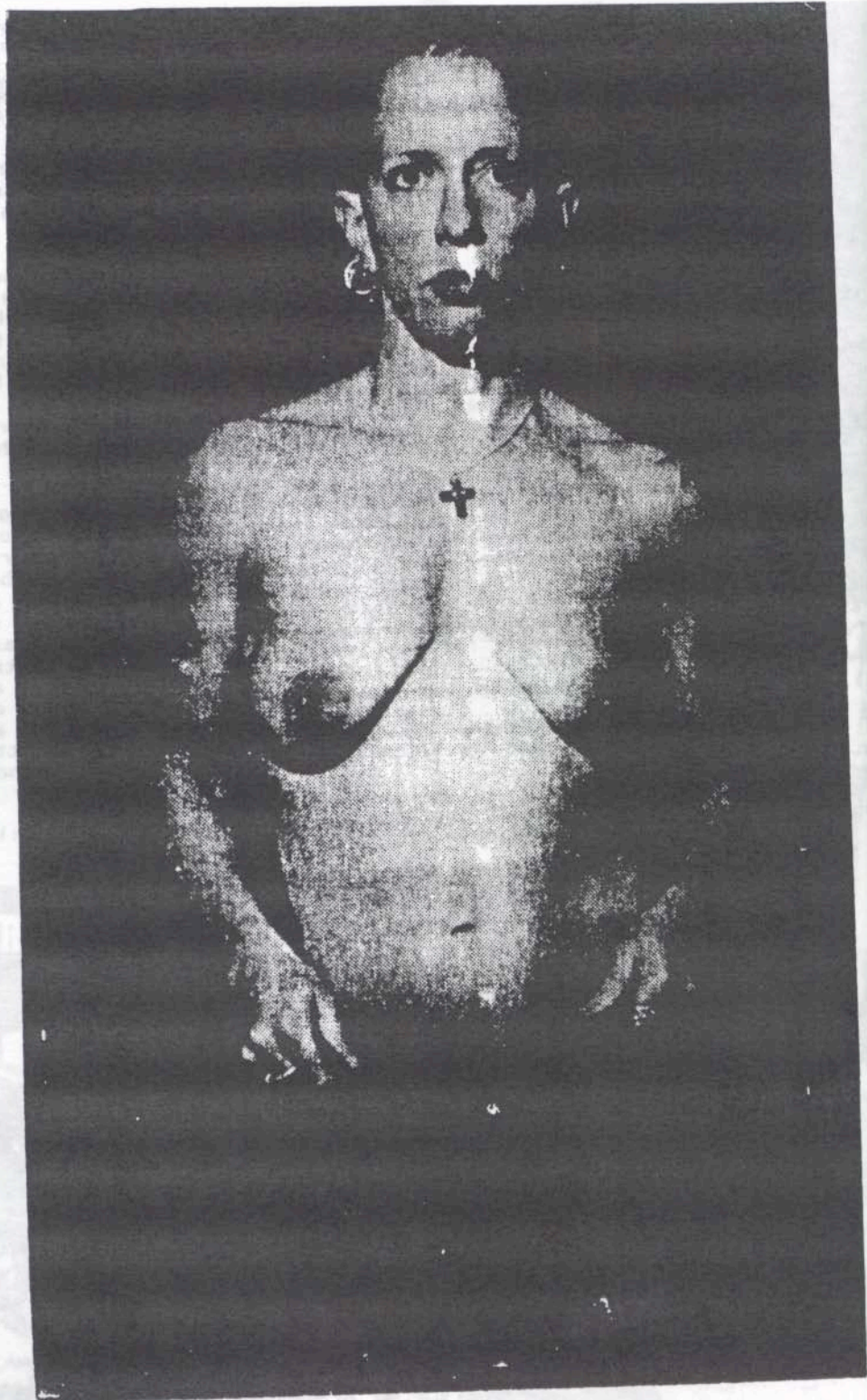
by

Camile "subjectivity This!" Paglia

Judy, Judy, Judy . . . What is all this about "gender trouble"? You feminists make me sick. Women are women (like Madonna or George Sands) and men are men (like Mick Jagger or Michelangelo). Simple. Men build great, big, throbbing, cultural things (the Washington monument! creamy, dreamy, huh) and women, peering from their grassy knolls, love that! Me? My gender? That's none of your business! I'm different because I'm me, naturally. I am not the issue. [By the way, did you catch me a couple years back or that limp Donahue's show? Wasn't I wonderful at emasculating that snit Susan Faludi with my rapier wit?! I looked pretty hot in my Armani suit, huh . . .] If you could see me now, I'd be rolling my cute, piercing eyes and shaking my beautiful, roman head at all you lonely, bitter feminists. And what about your Judas, Katherine "Kitty" McKinnon, and Jeff Masson? Unless, of course, she's adopting the following principle: "I hate cherries, so I eat all the cherries available in order to rid the world of cherries." But I think not. Kitty, now you finally know the value of a good proscuito! All we need are more hunky male rappers (soooo primitive) or spandex stretching, heavy metal studs (sooooo rock and roll) or gay sons (sooooo pure) and we'll have no trouble about gender. So Judy, go find yourself a Chuck D. or Morrissey or Axl Rose -- get thee to a great toga party -- and find the straight and narrow. You feminists all make me dizzy and nauseous, particularly you who wear those form fitting Levis, you know the ones that accentuate the little curve just above the back of the thigh, and those teddies that hi-lite, when the temperature drops . . . oh, ahhh, jesus, oh yeah . . . but I distract myself. You, Judy, all of you, who deny me tenure at real universities. I've better things to do than waste my brilliance on your misguided gender crap.

Now I'm off to do some fencing with Eve Sedgewick on the Brooklyn Bridge (oh god yes!), because, I, of course, am me.







We, the undersigned, do hereby demand that all subsequent editions of Dr. Judith Butler's work be printed with a photo of the author on the back cover.

Doesn't her body matter to you, her publishers, as it does to us, her fans? How do you expect our metonymic desire to thrive unless you fully recognize the materiality of the authorial signifier?

Please, we implore you, at least reprint *Bodies That Matter* with a photo on the back.

Signed,

Clip + send to:
Linda Nicholson
Routledge, Chapman + Hall
29 W 35th St.
NY, NY 10001



MY FAVORITE
IMAGE OF
JUDY, FOUND
ON THE BACK
OF AN O
ON OUR RA



HOW TO TELL IF YOUR TRICK IS REALLY SMART

A BRAINS Quiz

Nothing is so irritating as the moment when you realize that the ho number you found downstairs at City Lights was really looking for the self-help psychology section in order to get some new monosyllabic "affirmations" book or something. Below is a quick quiz that will allow you to discern whether there are any glimmerings of true intelligence behind the dazzling facade you wish to penetrate.

Score 2 points for a correct answer, zero points for a wrong answer, and a bonus point for any answer (even wrong) that is given as part of an interesting new take on the problem. Blank, uncomprehending stares get a -1 point.

1. Who was it who wrote that thing about "the banality of evil"?
2. How big is that in metric?
3. A friend of mine is researching the architecture of sound; can you suggest any good technical libraries?
4. Can you explain what Baudrillard means by a "secondary" order of simulacra?
5. Who was the "other woman" whose influence drove a decisive wedge between Walter Benjamin and Gershom Scholem, and led Benjamin to attempt an increasingly materialist critique as opposed to the Kabbalistic overtones of his earlier work?
6. Who invented the idea of overtone montage?
7. Michael Fried claims that there exists an order of art objects that can be described as having an utterly pure presence, opposing this notion to what he terms the taint of theatricality in most contemporary art objects. Theatricality is therefore seen as a negative trait of artworks, implying that the notion of a dialog with the viewer is of lesser importance than some sort of ahistorical essence. Can this theory really be used as a defence of the work of artists such as Olitsky, and how can it be reconciled with any attempt to discuss morality in the production and consumption of objects?
8. Whatever happened to Ian Curtis?
9. How many times a year does October come out?
10. I'm trying to separate the wheat from the chaff; what would you recommend in the way of a feminist defence of sado-masochism?

Bonus Question: Do you give head?

Scoring: 20-15 points: jump on it now, they don't come much smarter. 14-10 points: all right for an evening, but avoid commitment. 9-5 points: don't expect much. 4 points or below: forget it; go home and watch Bill Moyers' Journal again. (If the answer to the bonus question is "yes," ignore all above scoring.)

'Since the body is the first ground of knowledge, my teacher made me take off my clothes. A mouth touched and licked my ass. A finger stuck into my asshole. A dildo thrust into my asshole and a dildo thrust into my cunt. Both dildoes squirted liquid into me which I saw was white. I was so over-the-top excited, I came. The main thing for me was my body's uncontrolled reactions.

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'My teacher told me it wasn't enough for me to know that my body (me) reacted this way. I had to know more precisely all my complex reactions. Did I feel or react more strongly in my asshole or in my cunt?

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**MY PLEASURE
IN HER TEXT...**

...HER TONGUE ON MY THEORY...